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Literary.

Donald McGrie and his Indigo.

A TALE OF OLD ABERDEEN.

In matters of business, if you can help it, as far as possible never commit yourself by speaking first, and on no account commit yourself by speaking hastily. If these propositions can be tolerated by the reader, let him read on, and know that the hero of this little moral sketch was a douce and canny Scot, a small trader, well known in Aberdeen forty years ago. He was a chapman in a promiscuous line. In fact—why should we attempt to disguise the truth? he kept what in London would be called a chandler's shop.

He condescended, merely for the convenience of his immediate neighbors, to sell candles so low as a farthing apiece, indeed, he would, for the nonce, furnish light so attenuated that you might purchase two for a farthing, and yet he had small beer in his emporium more attenuated still. He also sold dyeing materials, among which I might have classed his small ale, and he had *cocculus indicus* to set off against a halfpenny's worth of salt, barilla against two sheets of parliament cake for a bawbee, and indigo by the pound against snuff by the half ounce.

Indeed, our trustworthy friend, Donald M'Grie, had no small pride in his shop; and the street in which he lived in the gude auld town of Aberdeen, had just so much pride in Donald. Really Donald was a safe chiel; he kept his accounts accurately, both with God and man, for he was as punctual at kirk as in his payments, and, as he allowed no long scores with his neighbors, he took care never to run in debt by crimes of omission, which must be some day settled before a tribunal so awful.

Having thus sufficiently described Donald's circumstances, we must now proceed to narrate the first grand step that he made towards acquiring the splendid fortune that he so well deserved and lived so long to enjoy.

He was out of indigo—that is to say, all the indigo that he lately had, had gone out from his warehouse by driblets. Thereupon he writes a letter to a house in London, a drysalter's in the most extensive line of business, ordering "Forty-one pons weight of indigo," stating at the same time that if there was not a vessel, they must "*get anc.*" Such were the exact words he used.

Now, at the time this occurred, communication between Aberdeen and London was rare, and at farthest, four times in the year was the utmost extent that Donald McGrie and his wholesale dealers addressed each other. There were no telegraph lines by which Donald could have instantaneous communication with the world over; nor, for the matter of that, fast steam packets traversing the sea, nor railways the land; nothing but those slow-sailing packets which took time, and plenty of it, to make their trips from port to port, or the equally slow stage coaches. As I have said, four times in the year was the extent of the communication between Aberdeen and London. Remembering this fact, let us proceed. The dealers were very much surprised at the extent of the order received from Donald. The reader will not wonder at it when he is informed that they could never suppose for a moment that a vessel could be ordered on purpose to carry forty-one pounds of indigo; so, after much scrutiny of the very hieroglyphical marks of M'Grie ali the heads of the firm took it firmly into their heads that their correspondent had fairly written for forty-one tons.

They knew very little of the man, and of the nature and extent of his business; all, however, that they did know was most satisfactory; they had done business with him for nearly twenty years, and had, during all that time, been extremely well pleased with the punctuality of his payments, added to which they had heard that he was wealthy. Upon all these grounds, they, without hesitation, executed the order; but, as they had not anything like the quantity on hand, they were themselves forced to become purchasers, in order to fulfil the commission. Having collected the quantity that they had supposed that Donald had specified, they shipped it for Aberdeen, sending with it an invoice, and also a bill of lading by post.

When M'Grie received this precious bill of lading, his astonishment was at once ludicrous and stupendous. At length, in order to give himself a little mental relief, he determined to set it down as a hoax, for, said he, "What on earth can the people of London mean by sending me forty-one tons of indigo?" It was more than sufficient, with the then consumption, to supply Aberdeen for a guide Scotch generation—twenty-one years. However, his prudence still prevailed over every other operation of his mind.

Like a canny Scot, he kept his perplexity to himself, for nothing was farther from his thoughts than to run hither and thither with his mouth open, and the letter in his hand, in order to tell his tale of wonder, and excite the stupid exclamations of his neighbors. Notwithstanding this stoical conduct, he could not so far command his deportment, but that those about him remarked a definite, though a mysterious change in his whole man. He was nearly silent; but the activity of his feet made up for the idleness of his tongue. He was fidgetty, repeatedly leaving his shop without any conceivable reason, and returning hastily to it on the same rational grounds. For once in his life, his neighbors thought that wily Donald did not very well know what he was about.

In the midst of this agitation, time and tide, which wait for no man, brought the vessel that bore the indigo to Aberdeen. It would seem that, in order to quicken Mr. Donald's apprehension, she had an extraordinary quick passage. No sooner was she moored, than the captain hastened to find the merchant to whom this large and valuable cargo was consigned. Having gone previously to the first merchants, he, by nice gradations, at length arrived at the shop of the actual consignee, honest Donald M'Grie. Indeed, the skipper was as much astonished at the minuteness of the warehouse as M'Grie had been at the magnitude of his cargo, for the warehouse, had it contained nothing else, would not have held the one-fifth of the consignment.

After the first few introductory sentences, that made each aware of what was their mutual business, the captain became convinced that all was right, from the quiet conduct of Donald, who betrayed neither emotion nor surprise, though at the same time his heart was melting within him, as melts an exposed rush-light on a sunshiny summer's day.

"And sae, sir, ye'll be sure ye 'a brought the tottle of forty-one tons. A hugeous quantity, eh, sir? And did ye ever ken any one mon hae sae mickle before?"

"Never, Mr. M'Grie, never. Why, sir, do you know that the difficulty of getting all the indigo together had an effect on the market. It was full three farthings the pound dearer on 'Change the very day I left London."

"O, ay—purely. It was—was it? Now, I'll just put ane case—not that it is o' the slightest consequence, but merely to satisfy my conjecture—supposing, mon, ye had all this indigo, what would you just do wi' it?"

"Why," said the skipper, "I should not have bought it unless I wanted it; and if I had wanted it I should have known what to do with it. This is Mr. M'Grie, precisely your case."

"Ah, well, my mon, but you're an unco' cannie chiel. Do you na ken whether his precious majesty, may God bless him, ain't guan to make the volunteer laddies wear blue regimentals—blue is a pure standing color."

"Why, I don't know, but some report of that sort may be stirring, for what with your large demand, and other matters, indigo is certainly getting up. But my time is precious. Here's your bill of lading, so just sign my—ah, all right—when and where shall I discharge the cargo?"

"Don't fash yourself, there's nae hurry. I'll just speak to two or three of my worshipful correspondents, and let you know on the morrow, or aiblins the next day after. I may hae to send to Edinbro' anent the matter."

"Ah, yes, I understand, a joint consignment. It won't prove a bad speculation, I'm thinking. Good morning, Mr. McGrie."

So away trudged the skipper, leaving the owner of much indigo in a state of doleful perplexity, such as ought not to befa.l any honest man. All that night he kept exclaiming, "Gude Lord, gude Lord, what shall I do with all this indigo? Na, na, Donald will not commit himself. But it's a mickle heap."

Very early was Donald aboard the next morning inquiring of everybody all the possible uses to which indigo could be put. He got but very little satisfaction on this point. He began himself to look dark blue. He had almost resolved upon a journey to London, awful as it appeared to him, to have this mistake explained, but he still resolved to wait a little, and do nothing in a hurry.

The next thing that happened to Donald, with his forty one tons of dye, was his sad reflections when an old woman came and bought of him one farthing's worth of stone blue.

"Had ye na better try indigo, my gude faien?" says Donald to the old washer woman.

"And what think ye, gude mon M'Grie, I'll be doing with indigo in the suds? Oot awa, mon, but yer gaffing a puir old body." So off the old lady trudged with a damaged temper.

"Had I sold a farthing's worth o' this domned indigo, 'twould have been a beginning. Had the auld washer bodies hae taken to it! and every little helps."

About this time, the skipper who had brought the indigo was just passing the principal inn of Aberdeen, he observed a post-chaise and four, with the horses all foam, stop with a most imposing jerk at the door, and the managing and confidential clerk of Hubbens, Hobbins and Robbins, the eminent drysalters. The clerk almost flew into the arms of the skipper, and with breathless eagerness asked him if he had delivered the indigo to M'Grie?"

"No; it is still in the vessel, but he has the manifest and the bill of sale."

"Then the property is now vested in him?"

"As securely as the hair upon your head is your own property. He seems cautious even for a Scotchman."

"Is he in a large line of business?"

"I can't really say that. We should call his place of trade nothing better than a chandler's shop in London. But they manage things in another way here."

"What can he possibly want with all this indigo? He has actually drained the market, and we have just received advices that all the crops of indigo have failed in the West Indies. There are also a large demand for it from government, and it is now actually worth its weight in gold.

"You don't say so. Why, he was saying something like it. No doubt but that some West Indiaman has brought the news here of the failure of the crops. Besides, he talked largely about his correspondents."

"And I am losing all this precious time! Where does he live? I know nothing about the place."

"I will go with you, if you choose. I should like to see how the deuce Scot manages it."

No, good captain. Just show me the door. If I prosper, you will just have to take the stuff back to London."

"So I thought. But mind your bearings and distances with M'Grie. He is an over-cautious tradesman."

It had been a dull morning with Donald. He had sold a little snuff and a little sand, a little cheese, and a half-score of ballads for a halfpenny, but not a particle of indigo, or no more stone or powdered blue. He was never known to give such short weight. He had wrangled awfully with his few customers, and was, altogether, in a very misty humor.

"I would just gie twa punds Scotch to get out of this scrape, and some odd silver over;" and as he thus exclaimed aloud he struck the pound of butter that he was making up with his wooden paddles a blow so spiteful, that it resounded like the report of a pistol.

At this moment the clerk entered. He paused for a space just within its threshold, scornfully surveyed the shop and its contents, looked with an air that was not far short of contempt on its proprietor, and immediately settled in his mind his plan of action. He was something of the *petit maitre*, so he placed his white cambric handkerchief before his nose and mouth and then jerking it away exclaimed. "Faugh!" taking from his waistcoat pocket a smelling bottle, which like Shakspeare's popinjay,

> "Ever and anon he gave it to his nose,
> And took't away again."

But it was Donald who,

> "Being angry when it next came there,
> Took it in snuff."

"What would ye please to buy, honest man?" said Donald pettishly.

"Buy, my good fellow, buy! Does any one ever buy anything here? You will pardon me, but the stench is intolerable."

"Ye fause young callant! Here be naething but wholesome smells, such as sic pair thread-paper bodies as your-gainself might grow sleek upon. An' ye no like the odor, healthfu' as it be, twist round yer ugly snout, and there lies the doorway. So tramp, ye ne'er-do-weel."

"Pardon me. I am sure, sir, I did not come to quarrel with you, but merely to rectify a mistake. I believe I am speaking to Mr. M'Grie—Mr. Donald M'Grie?"

"Ye don't lee, *noo*," said Donald, very moodily.

"I wish to release you from a great deal of uneasiness, in making right this little mistake of yours."

"And pray where may ye be from?"

"London, Mr. M'Grie the centre of the arts, the seat of sovereignty—the emporium of the world—but that is nothing here nor there—I come from London, Mr. M'Grie."

"And how long might ye a' made this long journey? Aiblius by the slow wagon?"

"It is you that are slow, my good sir." said the clerk, flourishing his handkerchief tastefully. "Chaise and four—spanked along—astonished the natives never lost a moment, I assure you."

"Ye'll be making a long stay, nae doubt, in bonny Aberdeen?"

"Not a moment after I've rectified this little mistake. Southward ho! That's the word!"

"So," thought Donald, "this spruce you chap is come, I'm sure, about the indigo. I'll save my two pounds Scots and the odd silver. He did not travel post for nothing. I shall be clear of my bargain free. But let us not be in a hurry."

"Ye are come to Aberdeen about the indigo doubtless?" said Donald after a pause, and very deliberately.

"Yes. My principals feel sure that you have made a trifling mistake in the amount of your order; so, to relieve your anxiety, they have sent me down to you, to say that they are willing to take the indigo back, and release you from your bargain, provided that you will pay the freight—and a very generous offer it is, I can tell you."

"I am sure that I am over obliged to the gude gentlemen. But pray, sir, who may be yer ainsel'? A modest young man, nae doubt, but humble—yer preferment's all to come. One would just like to know whom one is treating wi'—some junior clerk, or perhaps one of the warehousemen?—surely ye no be ane of the porters?"

Very indignant indeed was the fop at these degrading conjectures. With much hauteur he exclaimed, "I must acquaint you that I am the confidential principal and menacing director of the firm's vast mercantile operations; that I am a near relation of Mr. Hubbens, the head of the firm; and that I have full power and authority to do just what I please in this, as in every other transaction. My name, sir, is Daniel Hubbens, at your service. What do you say to my offer?"

"I should like to glance at your authority—no offence."

Mr. Daniel Hubbens was offended, but finding the Scotchman firm, he was obliged to give him the necessary vouchers that he was empowered to treat with him for a re-sale of the merchandise. The examination of this document still further opened the eyes of M'Grie to the value of his late purchase, and he finally became more dogged and consequential.

Mr. Hubbens, perceiving the turn affairs were likely to take, and that he had a difficult task to perform, at once altered the loftiness of his manner, and said:

"Well, well, my dear sir, the fact i-, you have long bought from us. I wish now to see if we, our very respectable firm, cannot purchase from you. So come down to my inn, and we'll talk the matter over a bottle of the best you can call for."

"Ou, there's nae occasion; just say 'a here."

"No, no, my dear sir; come with me you must. I am very tired, and the best supper that Aberdeen can produce is providing for us two."

"Sae ye are prepared for me. I understand. Ye would nae ta'en all this troublous wark for little. I'll awa wit you, my man."

And away they both went; in the short journey; to the inn Donald cogitating on the utmost he should ask for the resale of the indigo, and the managing clerk endeavoring to divert his thoughts from the value of the goods in his possession.

The supper and its accessories were the best that ever fell to the lot of Donald to share; but he was prudent, and the clerk gained no advantage through the means of his lavish expenditure of choice wines, so, after many flourishes, and much circumlocution, he was forced to put the plain question to his guest, "What will you take to pass your cargo of indigo back to our firm."

"Troth, Mr. Hubbens, I'm at a loss a bit. What will ye gie truly?"

"Why, Mr. M'Grie, the fact is, we have received a very unexpected order for the article, and our people have empowered me to come to Aberdeen and offer you a thousand pounds to return the cargo just as you got it. There is a glorious chance for you! A thousand pounds! Don't you feel yourself in heaven?"

"No, no; I'm better advised than that comes to. I didna buy the mickle lot but upon sound calculations. I have friens, sir, friens who have the first intelligence."

It is as I expected, thought the clerk: he has had the first news of the general failure of the crops.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. M'Grie—it is a bold step, but I'll take it upon myself to double the offer. Two thousand, sir, two thousand! Hey?"

"Indeed, no, my man. I can make mair o't than that."

"Well, I must let you keep it," said the youngster, with an air of well-affected indifference.

"Weel, weel, young sir, here's to yer verra gude health, young sir, and a pleasant journey back."

"Thank you sir. May the indigo prosper with you!"

They drank two glasses of wine each in silence. The mortification of Hubbens could not be concealed, whilst M'Grie's visage represented content carved out in stone.

After a considerable pause, the clerk lost his temper entirely—his patience had long gone before it—and he resumed the attack upon the imperturbable Donald. At length the would-be purchaser, not at all liking the prospect and the shame of an unsuccessful journey back to his principals, in a fit of desperation pulled out his private instructions and said: "Here, read that, obstinate man of iron that you are. Just so far am I permitted to go, and no farther."

M'Grie read very deliberately that his host was empowered to offer him the freight both ways, and four thousand pounds.

"It is driving me hard," said Donald; "but as you are an unco' amiable young man, and no' to fash you with your employers, gude men, I'll just consent. And to show ye that I can be liberal too, why, when ye hae settled the reckoning, I'll stand a pint o' Glenlivet atween the twa of us."

After this, the transaction was immediately wound up, and the money paid down.

Donald M'Grie took this accession of fortune coolly and temperately. He reflected that men make a thousand unlucky for one lucky mistake, and that cargoes of indigo don't always quadruple themselves in price when bought by misadventure. Reflecting upon all this, he resolved at this, the proper season, to retire from business. So he made over his stock in trade and his house to his nephew—"*for a consideration*" of course—and bought the lands of C——C——, which at this moment are worth five times the money paid for them.

We have made out our case, and that by the means of no fiction. It well exemplifies our moral, "In matters of moment, never speak first, and never speak hastily." In the lives of the most unfortunate among us, many lucky opportunities occur. It is neither the learned nor the clever who know best how to seize them, and to turn them to the best advantage. This faculty belongs to the prudent. Had Donald M'Grie spoken first, and spoken the wish of his heart, he would have said, "Pray take fifty pounds, and release me from my bargain." He held his tongue until it was a proper time to speak, and thus realized a handsome independence for himself and his children.

Inspired Eloquence.

In one of the most populous of the western towns of the Commonwealth resided two orthodox deacons: one, Deacon Biddle, a wealthy resident of the principal village, the other Deacon Crawfoot, a plain farmer, and living in the out-skirts upon the mountain side. During a protracted meeting, held in the village, Deacon Crawfoot came in to attend it, and received and accepted an invitation to dine with his brother deacon. The latter (it was a good many years ago) had champagne upon his table, and asked Deacon Crawfoot to take a glass of wine. "No," said Deacon Crawfoot, "I never take wine." "But," urged his entertainer, "this is as harmless as cider, and no more intoxicating. "Well," replied the farmer, "if that be the case, I will drink of it." And he did drink and drank freely. The dinner ended, the brethren returned to the meeting, which was a conference. Very soon after entering Deacon Crawfoot, who evidently felt the inspiration of his generous dinner, started to his feet and addressed his brethren as follows: "It seems to me, brethren, that I never had such spiritual views and emotions as I experience now. And I thought it best to inquire whether these are confined to myself: or whether this may not be indeed a pentecostal season. Why, brethren, I never had such spiritual views and emotions. It seems as if I was sitting astride the roof of this our consecrated temple, the organ swelling beneath me, the bells pealing above me, and every shingle on the meeting 'us playing on a jewsharp!"—*New Bedford Mcreury.*

The State Sinking Fund.

We clip the following from the financial column of this morning's *Ledger:*

The bids yesterday opened at Harrisburg, by the Commissioners of the State Sinking Fund, in response to invitations for proposals to sell one million of the five per cent. State bonds and one million of the six per cent. State bonds, did not bring out sellers to anything like the amounts solicited. The entire amount offered was but $818,421, of which $790,421 were 5 per cent. loans, and only $28,000 of 6 per cent. loans. The latter were offered at 104½@105, and the fives at from par and interest down to 96¾. The high prices named by sellers afford little opportunity for the State to make much money from the purchase of its own over due obligations, but they establish the good credit of the Commonwealth, and point to the hope that this may be the last time that the law will require the Sinking Fund Commissioners to resort to this very reprehensible mode of meeting the past-due State bonds.

Miscellaneous.

Artemus Ward in London.

MR. PUNCH, *My Dear Sir:*—I was a little disapinted in not receiving a invitation to jine in the meetins of the Social Science Congress.

I don't exackly see how they get on without me.

I hope it wasn't the intentions of the Sciencers to exclood me from their deliberations.

Let it pars. I do not repine. Let us remember Homer. Twenty cities claim Homer dead, thro' which the livin Mr. Homer couldn't have got trusted for a sandwich and a glass of bitter beer, or words to that effeck.

But perhaps it was a oversight. Certainly I have been hosspitably rec'd in this country. Hospitality has been pored all over me. At Liverpool I was asked to walk all over the docks, which are nine miles long; and I don't remember a instance since my 'rival in London of my gettin into a cab without a Briton coming and perlitely shut in' the door for me, and then extendin his open hand to'ards me, in the most frenly manner possible. Does he not by this simple yit tuchin gesture, welcome me to England? Does'nt he? Oh, yes—I guess he does'nt he. And it's quite right among two great countries which speak the same langwidge, except as regards H's. And I've been allowed to walk round all the streets. Even at Buckingham Pallis I told a guard I wanted to walk round there, and he said I could walk round there. I ascertained subsequent that he referd to the sidewalk instid of the Pallis—but I couldn't doubt his hosspital feelins.

I prepared a Essay on Animals to read before the Social Science meetins. It is a subjeck I may trootfully say I have successfully wrastled with. I tackled it when only nineteen years old. At that tender age I writ a Essay for a lit'ry Institoot, entitled, "Is Cats to be Trusted?" On the merits of that Essay it does'nt becum me to speak, but I may be excoos'd for mentionin' that the Institoot parsed a resolution that, "whether we look upon the length of this essay, or the manner in which it is written, we feel that we will not express an opinion on it, and we hope it will be read in other towns."

Of course the essay I writ for the Social Science Society is a more finisheder production than the one on Cats which was wroten when my mind was crood and afore I had mastered a graceful and ellygant stile of composition. I could not even punctooate my sentences proper at that time, and I observe with pane, on lookin over this effort of my yooth, that its beauty is in one or two instances mar'd by ingrammaticisms. This was unexcusable, and I'm surprised I did it. A writer who can't write in a grammerly manner better shut up shop.

You shall hear this Essy on Animals. Some day when you have four hours to spare I'll read it to you. I think you'll enjoy it. Or what will be much better, if I may suggest—omit all picturs in next week's *Punch*, and not let your contributors write anything whatever. (Let them have a holiday; they can go to the British Mooseum;) and publish my Essy entire. It will fill all your collumes full, and create comment. Does this proposition strike you? Is it a go?

In case I had read the Essy to the Social Sciencers, I had intended it should be the closin' attraction. I had intended it should finish the proceedins. I think it would have finished them. I understand animals better than any other class of human creatures. I have a very animal mind, and I've been identified with'em doorin my entire perfessional career as a showman; more especial bears, wolves, leopards, and serpants.

The leopard is as lively a animal as I ever came into contack with. It is troo he cannot change his spots, but you can change 'em for him with a paint-brush, as I once did in the case of a leopard who wasn't nat'rally spotted in a attractive manner. In exhibitin' him I used to stir him up in his cage with a protracted pole, and for the purpose of makin him yell and kick up in a leopard'y manner, I used to 'casionally whack him over the head. This would make the children inside the booth scream with fright, which would make fathers of families outside the booth very anxious to come in—because there is a large class of parents who have uncontrollable passion for takin' their children to places where they will stand a chance of being frightened to death.

One day I whacked this leopard more than usuil, which elicited a remonstrance from a tall gentleman in spectacles, who said: "My good man, do not beat the poor caged animal. Rather fondle him."

"I'll fondle him with a club," I sassered, hitting him another whack.

"I prithy desist," said the gentleman; "stand aside, and see the effeck of kindness. I understand the idiosyncracies of these creetures better than you do." With this he went up to the cage, and thrustin his face between the iron bars, he said, soothinly, "come hither, pretty creetur." The pretty creetur come hithered rather speedily, and seized the gentleman by the whiskers, which he tore off about enuff to stuff a small cushion with.

He said, "You vagabone, I'll have you indicted for exhibitin dangerous and immoral animals."

I replied, "Gentle sir, there isn't a animal here that hasn't a beautiful moral, but you musn't fondle 'em. You musn't meddle with their idiosyncracies."

The gentleman was a dramatic cricket, and he rote a article for a paper, in which he said my entertainment was a decided failure.

As regards Bears, you can teach em to do interestin things, but they're unreliable. I had a very large grizzly bear once, who would dance, and larf, and lay down, and bow his head in grief, and gave a wornful wale, etsery. But he often annoyed me. It will be remembered that on the occasion of the first battle of Bull Run, it suddenly occured to the Federal soldiers that they had business in Washington which ought not to be neglected, and they all started for that beautiful and romantic city, maintaining a rate of speed durin the entire distance that would have done credit to the celebrated French steed, Gladiateur. Very nat'rally our Gov'ment was deeply grieved at this defeat, and I said to my bear, shortly after as I was givin' a exhibition in Ohio, I said: "Brewin, you are not sorry the national arms has sustained a defeat." His business was to wail dismal, and bow his head down, the band (a barrel organ and a wiolin) playing slow and melancholly moosic. What did the grizzly old cuss do, however, but commence dancing and larfing in the most joyous manner. I had a narrer escape from being imprisoned for disloyalty. I will relate another incident in the career of this re'chid bear. I used to present what I called in the bills A Beautiful living Pictur—showing the Bear's fondness for his Master; in which I'd lay down on a piece of carpeting, and the Bear would come and lay down beside me, restin his right paw on my brest, the Band playing "*Home, Sweet Home,*" very soft and slow. Altho' I say it, it was a tuchin thing to see. I've seen Tax Collectors weep over that performance.

Well, one day I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, we will now show you the bear's fondness for his master," and I went and laid down. I tho't I observed a pecooliar expression into his eyes, as herolled to'ards me, but I didn't dream of the scene which followed. He laid down and put his paw on my breast. "Affection of the bear for his master," I repeated. "You see the monarch of the western wilds in a subjugated state. Fierce as these animals naturally are, we now see that they have hearts and can love. This bear, the largest in the world, and measurin seventeen feet round the body, loves me as a mer-ther loves her che-ild!" But what was my horror when the grizzly and infamous bear threw his other paw under me, and riz with me to his feet. Then claspin me in a close embrace, he waltzed up and down the platform in frightful manner, I yellin with fear and anguish. To make matters wuss, a low scurrilus young man in the audiens hollered out, "Playfulness of the bear! Quick moosic!" I jest 'scaped with my life. The bear met with a wiolent death the next day, by bein in the way when a hevily loaded gun was fired off by one of the men.

But you should hear my Essy which I wrote for the Social Science Meetins. It would have had a movin effeck on them.

I feel that I must now conclood.

I have read Earl Bright's speech at Leeds, and I hope we shall now hear from John Derby. I trust that not only they, but Wm. E. Stanley and Lord Gladstone will cling inflexibility to those great fundamental principles, which they understand far better than I do, and I will add that I understand anything about any of them whatever in the least—and let us all be happy, and live within our means, even if we have to borrer money to do it with.

Very respectively yours,
ARTEMUS WARD.

King George the Third.

The correspondence of King George the Third with Lord North, who was Prime Minister of England during the American Revolutionary War, has been published in London. The literary editor of the *Press*, in reviewing this publication, comes to a conclusion respecting the intellectual capacity of the King which differs from that generally entertained in this country. He says:

Judging from the portions of this correspondence already made public, the idea that George III. was merely an obstinate, half-witted, uneducated man, will now be removed. There is plain good sense in his Majesty's letters, and the literary composition is rather above the average of country gentlemen of his time. So it ought to be, for the education of British Princes, since the beginning of the reign of George II., has generally been very good. Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George the Third, was born in Hanover, seven years before the accession of the Guelphs to the crown of England, and though he had learned to speak the English language very well, and could converse fluently in French and his native German, could not be considered well educated. However, he surpassed his own father, who declared when he saw Hogarth's amusing painting of "The March to Finchley," about the time when the battle of Culloden was fought, that the artist deserved to be bicketed for his insolence in make a burlesque of the royal guards, and that he (the King) "hated bainting, and boetry too." But Prince Frederick, though a compound of knave and fool, was so fortunate as to have a sensible, well-informed wife (one of the clever Cobourg line,) who took care that their children the eldest of whom was afterwards George III., should learn some Latin and Greek, with music, drawing, German and French. Yet, Prince Frederick obtained great popularity, albeit himself badly educated, by his substantial patronage of such authors as Pope, Tindal, Glover and Johnson. He died during his father's lifetime, and thus his son came to the throne at the early age of twenty-one. Notwithstanding a precipitate and ungraceful manner in ordinary conversation, George the Third read his speeches in public with proper emphasis and modulation: indeed, his master in elocution had been Quin, the celebrated actor, who exclaimed, when his pupil read his first declaration as Sovereign in a manner which won a compliment even from Horace Walpole, the fastidious, "Ay,—'twas *I* taught the boy!" The account of his interview with Dr. Johnson, as reported on dictation of the latter by Boswell, shows that George III. had not only considerable conversational powers, but large acquaintance with literary subjects—particularly historical, polemical, and critical.

The letters of George III. to Lord North, now about being published in full, will strengthen the favorable opinion we here express of that monarch's intellect. At times, no doubt, he was insane, and the last ten years of his life were passed under necessary restrictions from all society, but his common sense, on ordinary occasions, was evident enough. During the fifty years of his active co-operation in the government of the British Empire, he placed full confidence in two men—Lord North and the younger William Pitt. He was grateful to the former because, in 1770, at a momentous crisis, when the profligate Duke of Grafton suddenly resigned his post of Prime Minister, Lord North, who was leader of the House of Commons and Finance Minister, yielded to the King's wish, and took chief conduct of the Government, in which office he continued until he formed an unwise and not creditable coalition with Fox; and the King was grateful to Pitt because, that, at the age of twenty-five, he had the courage to accept the office of Premier, thereby defeating and excluding Fox, whom the King had good cause for disliking. North was Premier for twelve, and Pitt for nearly nineteen years, and during all that time scarcely a day elapsed with at least one letter, short or long, from George III. to either.

The letters to Lord North, now announced for publication, were laid before Sir James Mackintosh, who, extracting the most important passages, transcribed them in a blank paper-book which eventually passed into the hands of Lady Charlotte Lindsay, who was Lord North's daughter. She allowed Lord Brougham the use of it, and he fully availed himself of the privilege, for his eighteen-page article on Lord North, in the "Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the Time of George III.," is supplemented, (vol. 1, pp. 66–166, Glasgow ed. of 1855,) with one hundred pages of these extracts. The first bears date February, 1768, when North was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the last was written in November, 1783—the time when Ireland was gallantly combatting for that legislative independence which was so basely sold in 1800, and in it the King says: "By the sad measures we have adopted, Ireland is now, in fact, disunited from this Kingdom."

The correspondence with Lord North, covering the whole time of the American war, and confidentially communicating the King's hopes and fears, likes and dislikes, antipathies and friendships, is extremely interesting, even when given piecemeal by Lord Brougham. The manuscript book of extracts, from which he quoted so freely, was placed in Lord Mahon's hands in 1847, and some quotations are made therefrom in the Appendices to the fifth and seventh volumes of his "History of England;" but he does not give a single sentence not previously published by Lord Brougham, and take the liberty, in some instances, of changing the King's language, and particularly of filling up blanks, and of substituting words in full for the contractions often used by his Majesty.

It is instructive to note, in these confidential letters, how entirely the King, contrary to the Constitutional theory that he should *reign* and not *rule* (his ministry, not himself, being responsible,) held the ribbons in his own hands, all through, and reduced the Premier to the condition of a principal clerk. The King's will is strongly expressed on all questions, from the pitched battle between John Wilkes and the House of Commons, to extravagance of the Prince of Wales and the "immense" cost of the war with America. In September, 1780, commenting on a despatch "certainly of a very gloomy cast," from Sir Henry Clinton, the King writes: "But the giving up of the game would be certain ruin. A small State may certainly subsist, but a great one mouldering cannot get into an interior situation, but must be annihilated. We must strengthen the West India squadron, recruit Clinton's army, not for contest, but to keep what he has." Fifteen months later (Christmas 1781,) when every one but George III. and Lord North say American Independence was all but won, the former protests against "the getting a peace at the expense of a separation from America, *which no difficulties can get me to consent to.*"

In a letter (January 1772) the King writes his approval of the sketch or first draught of the Speech from the Throne to be read at the opening of the Parliamentary Session: "When the sentences *are a little rounded* [the italics are his own] and the foreign articles is added, it will make a very good one." Five years later, (June 1777,) he writes, very honestly, "I have not the smallest doubt that 'Truth ought to be the chief object in a speech from the Throne." In that same letter he adds, "In my opinion the Americans will treat before winter."

From the abstract already printed, it may be reasonably expected that the whole correspondence of George III, with his Prime Minister, Lord North, will throw considerable light upon the history of his reign, and particularly that period of it in which the American contest for Independence took place.

Missouri.

The following correspondence, which we take from the *Cape Girardeau (Mo.) Argus*, explains itself:

LETTER FROM GOV. FLETCHER.

CITY OF JEFFERSON, Oct. 19, 1866.

REV. FATHER O'REGAN:

DEAR SIR—Herewith please find a remittal of the fine imposed on you by the Circuit Court of Cape Girardeau county, for solemnizing a marriage without taking the oath of loyalty. On an examination of the record at Jackson, I found that there was no final action in the cases of Father McGerry and Father Ryan. I also found that the cases of the ladies of St. Vincent's Convent were continued.

The Constitution of the State only permits me to interfere "after conviction." I regret that it is so, as it would have been a real pleasure to me to relieve from further annoyance from the indictments found against them, the venerable and worthy Father McGerry and the estimable and devotional Sisters of the Convent, and whom you may assure I will do as soon as it can be done legally.

Very respectfully,
your obedient servant,
THOMAS C. FLETCHER.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, Oct. 29, 1866.

To His Excellency, Gov. Fletcher:

Dear Sir—I have received your letter of the 19th inst., remitting the fine imposed on me for solemnizing marriage without having taken the "Oath."

Though not sorry for the past, nor purposing amendment for the future, I, however, gladly avail myself of the favor of your executive clemency, whereby I am freed from past penalties, and, I hope, preserved from future annoyances. I feel most grateful for your favor, and for the generous sentiments accompaying it.

Who would have thought, a few years ago, that a priest would need pardon from a governor for the performance of a purely religious ceremony? But it will be said that we are punished, not for religion, but for disloyalty. We are not disloyal; no one has ever heard us express a disloyal sentiment. True, we have not made all the exterior display that others have by the flying of flags and frothy eloquence; but if we be judged by our actions, which speak better than words, our loyalty will be found far superior to that of any in this city. For, though there was an army chaplain who once and awhile visited the hospital, distributed a few tracts and went his way rejoicing in his pay, yet to comfort and console the poor sick soldiers, in their long and weary hours, and to aid them at their death, devolved on the priests, one of whom visited the hospital every day. I myself, with my own hand, have administered baptism and extreme unction to many of them, and closed their dying eyes. The lint for the wounded, and the cloths, came in great part from the College; the pillows and beds, on which the sick soldiers lay, belonged to the priests of the College, who never asked nor received one cent in payment for what they gave or did. The nurses saw and knew all this; the sick soldiers felt it; the doctors can testify to it—but the gentlemen of the grand jury knew nothing about it. What mattered it to them whether a dying soldier of the Union had a soft bed, or whether his last sad moments were cheered by the consolation which religion alone can give? Why, if the one hundredth part of what we have done for our soldiers had been done for one poor Confederate, we would be stigmatized as traitors aiding and abetting the enemy. But have we not sympathized with rebels? Yes; when some poor forsaken prisoner, far from friends and home, lay pining in the prison, in rags and vermin, shivering with cold, we have at times, with *permission*, contributed to his comfort and cleanliness; and if that be a crime in the eyes of God or men, then we plead guilty.

Let me assure you, dear sir, that no Priest, however loyal, can take a political oath as a qualification for the exercise of his priestly functions. He may and can take such an oath as a qualification for a political end, as for voting, &c., because the State may impose political conditions on the exercise of civil rights. But he cannot—he dare not, take it as a priest—as a condition for preaching or administering the sacraments; for this would be to grant to the temporal authority what belongs to the spiritual—to the civil power what Henry IV., of Germany, and Henry VIII., of England, claimed for themselves—supremacy in Church as in State.

With some, preaching and marriage are regarded in a political light. But not so with us. Our pulpit has never been converted into a political rostrum, nor our churches to places of public meeting. Marriage, too, with us, is a sacrament—a bond which *never* can be severed. The State need not acknowledge the validity of our marriages as to their civil effects. We do not ask it. But to acknowledge them valid, and yet place conditions on the administration of the sacrament is certainly wrong. For where Catholic parties present themselves before their pastor, and have complied with the regulations of the Church, he can no more refuse his services to them than he can refuse baptism to an infant, or extreme unction to a dying man. If he refuses, he fails in his duty, and commits a sin; if he blesses their union, he disobeys the laws of the State, and is subject to fine and imprisonment. What, then, must he do? He can only raise his mind to God, whose laws are just and immutable, and say, with St. Peter, "It is better to obey God than men." Come fine, come imprisonment, come death—it matters not—the laws of man must yield to the law of God. Did Saints Peter and Paul obey the commands of Nero, and swear by the genius of Cæsar, and sacrifice to Jupiter and Venus? Did not they, and millions of others, prefer to suffer death rather than obey the laws of the State in opposition to the will of God, and the dictates of conscience. The spirit which animated the Martyrs of old, still lives in the Church; and its clergy and its people are at this day as ready as of old to sacrifice houses, and honors, and riches, and friends, and liberty, and life itself, rather than deviate one hair's breath from the path of rectitude, by acknowledging the supremacy of the State in matters of religion. Hence, not one priest has or will subscribe to the qualifying oath. Hence, too, it follows that if the law be put into execution, there will be a regular persecution of the Catholic clergy; and the scenes of Pagan times—prisons, and torture, and confiscations, will be repeated in this land—once the home of civil